JAMES K. SENIOR

Letters 1945

(Transcript)

Paris, July 15, 1945

Dear Rose,

It is now 3:30 P.M. by Greenwich time and we are bowling along at eleven thousand feet in the bright sunshine with the blue Atlantic, plentifully besprinkled with clouds, spread out below us. Certainly this is the way to go to Europe. Since leaving Washington at 11:30 yesterday morning, we have not rolled or pitched once, and we have not jounced in all that time as much as you would in riding from 57th St. to the Loop in a bus. Just now one is hardly conscious of any motion, and you can tell from my handwriting how smooth it is.

The plane is fitted out very much like the day planes at home. There are comfortable seats for about thirty people. At night you push the button and slant the seat back just as you do on the Pathfinder. They give you pillows and thick wadded comforts to roll yourself up in, if you want them. I used the pillow but not the comfort, and slept very well indeed. Just about the middle of the night, I got up to regale myself with excellent sandwiches and hot coffee furnished by the A.T.C. But otherwise I slept right through.

I have no idea what the censor will let through, so I am going to take a chance and describe the trip in detail. If they blot out what I say, that will be just my hard luck. Please keep my letters, because they will form a record of my trip which will be useful for me to refer to.

We left Washington at 11:30 on the 14th. It was very hot indeed while we were on the ground, but cooled off immediately when we got going. We flew over Philadelphia, New York and Hartford, but beyond that point I lost track and no one volunteered any information about where we were. We must have crossed Maine and probably crossed New Brunswick. Then we flew out over the water, and the next thing we saw (about 5 PM) was the coast of Newfoundland. We landed a few minutes later at a dreary station known variously as Harmon or Stephenville. Just an army post, so far as I could see. There did not appear to be any town in the neighborhood.

We stayed at Stephenville only an hour, had a very good supper (price 65 cents) and flew on across Newfoundland. The next hour or two was an extremely interesting flight across what seemed to be an almost complete wilderness. It would take too long to give you the details, but I'll tell you about it some time. Then we flew out over the ~~New~~ Newfoundland coast bound for a point in the Azores called Santa Maria. The entire flight was supposed to take nine hours. But, on account of weather conditions, the plans were changed and we landed instead at a British air base called Lagens on the island of Terceira--another island of the Azores. Had a good breakfast, washed and ~~cleaved~~ shaved, and then flew on to Santa Maria--about an hour's flight. We arrived in the midst of a hard rain and were grounded for about three hours during which time we got a hearty lunch. (Parenthetically, I have eaten more since I left Washington than I ordinarily do in two days at home. That is the result of having nothing else to do.)

July 15, 1945

Now we are on the last leg of our trip, the weather having cleared. If the calculations are correct, we should be over the French coast (Brest) in about two hours and a half, and in Paris about an hour and a half later. That will mean about twenty-two hours of actual flying time spread out over a little less than thirty hours. Not so bad.

Paris is on a daylight-saving time schedule, and so it will be 11 PM Paris time when we finally land--provided all goes as expected. What we are to do at that hour I have no idea, but I don't care. I have slept in French waiting rooms often enough, and I can do it again if necessary. See the advantages of being under army control. If I were going to get to Paris at 11 PM and had no hotel reservation, I would be worried stiff. Now I am just cheerfully indifferent. Let the billeting officer do the worrying. That is what he is there for.

In answering this letter please be sure to let me know whether anything has been crossed out by the censor. Also let me know what day you receive the letter. That will give me some idea how long I may expect my letters to take.

July 16 - 10 PM

Just a few lines more to bring you up to date. We continued on above dense clouds almost to Paris, so we saw nothing of the French country-side. Got to Paris about 11 PM and was taken by bus and taxi at government expense to the hotel where I am now staying.

An now for some explanations. I can at last give you some correct information. There are two addresses I can use. Pay no attention to any addresses which I may have given you heretofore.

Address No. 1

Dr. James K. Senior
ALSOS Mission G2
Hdqs. USFET (rear)
APO 887
%PM, New York, N.Y.

Address No. 2

Dr. James K. Senior
Hotel Royal Monceau
35 Avenue Hoche
Paris
France

Now I wish you would do me a favor. Write me two letters and drop them in the mailbox at the same time. Make one of them airmail and use Address No. 1. I don't know how much this will cost, but the post-office will tell you. For this purpose I count as a member of the armed forces. Make the other letter an airmail and use Address No. 2. Here you will have to pay 30 cents, and I count as a civilian. They tell me there is no censorship. What I want to find out is whether I can be reached more rapidly through the army or through the regular mail. So if you send two letters at the same time, I will be able to tell.

Have lots more to tell you, but I want to get this letter away as fast as I can. So I will put off the remainder till tomarrow.

Love to you and Maymie

Jim

P.S. What do you hear from Katie? Do you know when she will be home again?

J.K.S.

Paris, July 18, 1945

Dear Rose,

Well I have a plenty to say. I believe I forgot to mention that I came over on the plane along with a physicist named Beth who was sent out by the same office that sent me out. We were driven together to the Hotel Royal Monceau where we were put temporarily into a palatial room with six beds and two baths. This hotel has been taken over by the Navy, and by special arrangement the ALSOS Mission is allowed to billet its men here.

The next morning we went out (by government car) to Neuilly where the office of the Mission is located. There I met the Military Chief of the Mission, an army colonel named Pasch, and the scientific head, a Dutchman named Goudsmit. Goudsmit is a Hollander who has been some years in America and who is (I suppose) an American citizen. He is evidently a man of great energy and very considerable ability. But he has a very peculiar way of running an enterprise of this kind. Evidently the success of my work will depend almost entirely on my ability to fit into his way of doing things. I shall certainly try my best, and I believe I will manage it. However, I want to postpone all discussion on that subject till I have learned more about it. I am still very much of a greenhorn.

I suppose you will want to hear about how I live and what I have managed to see. I have now been given my permanent room at the Hotel. It is a little cubby-hole up on the seventh floor in the mansard. But I have hot and cold running water in the room, electric light, face and bath towels, and enough space to stow my stuff. There is a good bath room just down the hall. For this room I pay nothing, but a certain amount (I don't know just how much) is deducted from my per diem allowance. The Navy runs what is supposed to be the best mess in Paris here at the hotel. I get three excellent meals a day for which I pay 35 francs, that is seventy-cents. I go out to the office every morning at about 9 o'clock, work till noon, come back to the hotel for lunch, go back to the office about two o'clock and work till six. All trips are made in a government car and so cost me nothing. This regime, which is not very strenuous, goes on seven days a week I am told. No difference is made between Sundays and week days. The evenings we have to ourselves, but of course at that time all the shops are shut up and one can buy nothing. The difficulty about this arrangement is that one can do practically nothing except one's work. How I am ever to get in touch with Mdme. Stchupak I don't know.

I will have to go over some evening and make inquires for her. No doubt the concierge can tell me where the Rue Le Clerc is.

I omit to narrate all the various formalities which I have had to go through since my arrival. Suffice to say that I now have my ticket permitting me to buy at the PX, and I expect to have my Paris pass within a day or two. I was at the PX for the first time today. Soap, matches, tobacco, candy, razor blades, etc. are all strictly rationed. One gets, for instance, seven packages of cigarrettes or four packages of tobacco per week. The first time one comes, one gets a double ration of every thing. The result of this rationing scheme is that everyone draws all he can get whether he needs it or not. If he doesn't want to use it himself, he can always give it away or trade it off with some other American. It is, of course, strictly forbidden to sell the stuff to any civilian.

July 18, 1945

Now I will tell you what I need. The first thing is tea, the second thing is tea, and the third thing is tea. It is unobtainable here at the hotel or at the PX, and buying any sort of food from the French is strictly forbidden. Please send me some as soon as you can. But don't send it in bulk. Send those little tea bags. I could use a hundred of them if you can drum up that many. Also I need matches, wooden ones preferred, but the little paper ones will do if you can't get anything better. Eventually I am probably going to need tobacco, so you can collect those paper packages of Edgeworth as occasion arises, but don't send any till I ask for it. So far I don't know of anything else that I am likely to be short of.

Have spent my evenings walking around Paris. So far as war damage is concerned, the city (or at least all that part of it which I have seen) is practically untouched. The front of the Crillon Hotel on the Place de la Concorde is slightly chipped up and scarred with bullet holes,but even that is rapidly being repaired, and within a few weeks it will be impossible to tell from the appearance of Paris that there ever was a war here.

The shop windows are practically empty. The traffic on the streets is very sparse. Horse cabs have reappeared,but over half the motor vehicles are American Army cars. The Metro is running. All persons in American uniform ride free.

I could go on this way for hours more, but I am dreadfully sleepy and I have to get up every morning about seven. So I'll postpone other news items.

I heard yesterday that the man who is supposed to cable back to the U.S. of the arrival of new men at the office is out of town. So I went over to the American Post Office and cabled back on my own hook. This is very cheap--only 25 francs. But don't be surprised if any cable you receive from me sounds a bit queer. They have a funny system. There are about 150 set phrases,each one of which is numbered. You pick out,from this list three phrases (say 18, 37, 73). Then you write the address, put down the three numbers and sign your name. Of course, the numbered phrases never fit exactly what you want to say, and sometimes they get the numbers mixed up. So if you get a wire from me asking "Was it a boy or a girl?", you will know that it is my handwriting, and not my sanity which is to blame. I have written to Jean and Therésè, but have received no answer yet. I am anxiously awaiting my first word from you. How are you? Are you getting some rest? What do you hear from Katie? When will she get home? Please urge the children to write to me often.

Love from,

Jim.

P.S. We are permitted to cable by the French post office if we want to do so. So if I have anything very exact to tell you I will do that,

J.K.S.

Paris, July 19, 1945

Dear Rose,

I went over to the Rue Le Clerc this evening, and have come back with sad news. Mdme Stchoupak died in December 1941. The concierge told me that she had an operation from the effects of which she died. Then her husband moved away, and has not been heard from since. It is too bad. She was a very nice woman.

Today I got three letters which reached me via the American Embassy--one from Jean, one from Hall and one from Coxie Kuhn. I will take them up in that order. On July 11th, when Jean wrote, he was with Therése at Mulhouse. Therése was about to leave for Cordéac where she will take care of some of her numerous grandchildren. Jean goes back to Mulhouse for a week or so, but expects to come to Paris for a day or two enroute. He gave me the address of his brother, a doctor who, curiously enough, lives in Neuilly only about a block from our Office. I stopped in there this afternoon and left word that, if Jean arrived in town, he should look me up at once. I shall wire to Jean tomorrow morning. If Therése goes off to Cordéac, it is not probable that I shall see her.

Hall writes from Berkhamstead that he is well and very anxious to see me. He is still in government service, but expects to be released by the end of this month. He will probably not go back immediately to Cambridge, but will get there some time in September. On the 1st of October, the term opens at the University, and he will certainly be there at that time. I shall write to him tomorrow.

Cox is in Frankfurt, but he does not know for how long. I am likely to get up that way, and may possibly see him. But there is no telling. No more now. I must write to Jean. Love from,

Jim.

Paris, July 24, 1945

Dear Rose,

Jean got to town on Sunday morning. I had received a letter from him telling me that I should inquire for him either at his brother's house or at the flat of Therese's sister--a certain Mdme. Koenig. It was at the latter place that I found him. He is very much the same as ever, but his hair (what little there is left of it) is almost completely white. He still coughs, and looks as hollow-chested and frail as ever. But when we walk down the street together, I have a hard time to keep up with him.

Of course, I learned a lot of things from him. The family is well. Thérese has gone to Cordéac with Bobs wife and children. Bob is an officer with the French army in Germany. He is stationed not far from Mulhouse. Claude is living not far from Paris--I have forgotten the name for the moment. But she expects to move soon, as her husband (who is also in the Army) has been moved to a new station. Perhaps I shall see her when she passes through Paris.

Jean goes back from here to Mulhouse for a few days. On the first of August, he leaves for Cordéac. On the first of September he returns to Mulhouse. Thérèse will join him there late in October or early in November. I gave him your letter to Therese and he promised to forward it. He read it and answered:

(1) Till about November 1st, Thérèse will be at Cordéac where one can get nothing. They do not even have a post-office.

(2) There is practically nothing, of the sort you want, to be bought at Mulhouse. Perhaps, if Thérèse comes to Paris, there might be some chance.

(3) All sorts of jewelry are now very hard to get in France, and for 6000 francs (the equivalent of $120) one can get nothing at all.

To all this I answered that I had no reason to doubt his word, but that if I wrote you to the same effect, I would have much difficulty in convincing you. So I asked him to ask Thérèse to answer you herself, and tell you exactly what the situation is.

I gather from Jean that things are still pretty tough in France. Take travel for example. The main railroad lines are open and it now takes about twelve hours from Paris to Mulhouse. (The peace time is 7 hours.) But there are very few trains, and all the seats are numbered. No one is allowed onto the platform unless he can show a seat ticket. If you want to go anywhere, you have to apply at least four days ahead of time. (Recollect that this is not for a sleeping car reservation, but for a place on an ordinary day coach). Jean is a somewhat privileged person because, as Directeur de l'École de Chemie, he is supposed to be travelling on official business. Consequently he gets an Ordre d'Émission which he hopes will speed up somewhat the process of getting a place. But even so, he does not expect to get away before Thursday or Friday.

July 24, 1945

You need not be at all afraid that the shoes which you wanted to send Thérèse won't fit her. Everyone in France has long forgotten what it is to have shoes that fit. The question is whether one has shoes at all. Anything in the line of clothing is welcome.

Last night I went out to visit Mdme. Koenig, a widow with one daughter (aged 31), who lives not far from our office in Neuilly. I found her a very cheerful and pleasant person who looks so much like Thérèse that it is pretty nearly a crime. The daughter is an unsympathetic sort of a person. She is trained as a lawyer and has a pretty important position in one of the government offices here. In my judgment, she is destined to die an old maid.

Madame Koenig and I hit it off beautifully. I brought her a nice bar of soap and gave the daughter a package of cigarettes. In return, she gave me a package (100 gr.) of Lipton's tea, for which I am to pay her the next time I see her. I have since tasted it and it is pretty bad. But it is better than nothing. So, for the present, I am fixed.

Now in view of all this situation, I want you to send me quite a number of things. A few of them I want myself, but the majority I want to give away to Jean and to Mdme. Koenig, who has been very nice to me. The best way to do will be to put them in boxes and send them through the army post to me at my military address--not to the Hotel Monceau. What I want I will use. What I don't want I can deposit with Mdme. Koenig to be shipped to Thérèse or Claude, or to be picked up by them when they pass through Paris.

I need tea (as I wrote before), matches and socks. Get out a couple of pair of my old shoes (including the pair of old army shoes which Mary brought back from Washington) and send them over. Jean will be only too glad to get them. Send any shoes you and the children can spare for Thérèse. Don't send them to her. Send them to me and I will get them to her. Also send any kind of clothing that would do for Thérèse or Claude, or any of the children. Use nothing but the army post and my military address.

Of course, this will require more than one box a week, but I am sure that, if you make up a box, Miss Buchholz or Lilly Fuchs will be glad to send it in her own name. Send as much as you can. The need here could not be called desperate, but it is pretty severe.

It is still too soon to say much about the nature of my work. Some of these missions have done well, and found a lot of interesting stuff. But I have the impression that the ground has been pretty well worked over, and that, in my line at least, there is little left to do. Reading over the reports has been very interesting and instructive to me, but I don't see exactly how any one else is to get much good out of it. But my chief has been away for some days. When he gets back, I will have a talk with him, and then perhaps I will see my way more clearly.

Am looking forward anxiously to the first news from you and the children.

Love from,

Jim

P.S. Tell Mary that I mailed her letter to Anne Dibble. I have received no reply from Hall, but it is too soon to expect it.

J.K.S.

Paris, July 28th, 1945

Dear Rose,

Jean left for Mulhouse on the evening of the 26th. I took him down to the train about an hour and a half before it left and we had a very funny experience. I had heard awful tales about the difficulties of travel on the French railroads, and Jean had assured me that without a "fiche d'entreé" I would never be able to get beyond the barrier. When we arrived at that point I said, "Faint heart never won fair lady. They can't do more than stop me. Let's try." So I marched boldly through the gate. Half a dozen "agents" and railroad employees were standing around, but not one of them seemed to be even aware of my existance. Then there was a second barrier. Jean said, "Cette fois, vous ne reussirez pas". But there was nothing to lose, so I said, "Let's try once more." Meme histoire. Personne n'a fait attention. By this time I was out on the "quai." Jean had no reserved seat but only a "fiche", which gave him permission to find a seat if he could. The cars were full and the "couloirs" crowded. It looked as though he would have to stand up all night. But by this time, my head was completely turned. There was a car marked "Reservé aux Officiers", and one compartment was labelled U.S.A. I marched boldly in with Jean at my heals. Again not so much as a peep from the soldiers who were guarding the entrance. I installed Jean safely in the U.S.A. compartment and then slipped quietly out by the other door. I have no idea whether Jean was able to maintain himself in his favored position after I was gone, but I have bound him over to write to me as soon as he reaches Mulhouse.

I tell this story at length because it illustrates a very striking difference between this occupation of France and the old A.E.F. of 1918. Then we were in some sense guests--not welcome guests, but tolerated. Now we act very much like conquerors. We go where we want and we do as we please. On the Metro we pay no fares. In the theatres, a large part of the best seats are reserved for us.

And many of the rules have changed. The everlasting saluting which was such a nuisance years ago is completely done away with. Of course, as far as I am concerned, that makes no difference, because, even under the letter of the old law, I salute no one and no one salutes me. But I notice on the streets that no American enlisted man ever salutes an officer unless he wants to speak with him. And the officers don't salute each other.

But on the other hand the rules are in some respects more strict. No one is permitted to eat in a French restaurant unless he is invited by a French civilian. I am told that the rule is strictly enforced, but, from the experience I had with Jean, I would say that it pretty nearly enforces itself. I wanted to go back to my old haunt, the "Café de l'Alma", so I got Jean to invite me. There we had a miserable lunch, without a trace of meat, and a bottle of red wine, not one bit better than the Beauliea Vineyards stuff we buy at home. Price with tip 500 francs = $10.00. While, at the Royal Monceau, I get three excellent meals--eggs and bacon for breakfast, meat at lunch and for supper--for 35 francs = 70 cents.

July 28th, 1945

Well I am going to do my best to spread my good fortune. We are allowed five guests a week. If they are civilians, we pay 40 francs a meal for them. I had Jean here five times, and next week I am inviting Mdme. Koenig and her daughter. Furthermore, I am going to take them to the theater afterwards, and, to cap the climax, I have arranged with one of the civilian drivers who works for the office, to call for them at their home, bring them to the hotel, take us to the theatre and then bring them home again. I bet they will remember that evening for years. We are going to see "Arsenic and Old Lace," a French version of which is being given at the Theatre Athenée.

Yesterday (the 27th) I got your first letter, written on Jyly 19th. Not such bad service. You had better continue to write to me at the office and by air-mail. As I write, I suppose Katie is on her way home. Please stir her up to write to me as soon as possible. Glad to know that things are going so smoothly otherwise.

The list of equipment which the OFS gave me is utterly ridiculous in some respects. I should have brought many more shirts, socks and underwear. Please send me some more socks--any old brown, tan or grey ones will do. Don't buy new ones.

Love from,
Jim.

P.S. I have a letter from Thérèse. She promises to come to Paris to see me in September.

J.K.S.

Please number your letters.

J.K.S.

Paris, July 31, 1945

Dear Maymie:

I have a bum cold in my head, am full of anti-tetanus serum, and am covered with hives. So if (time out for a sneeze) you should notice anything peculiar about the tone of this letter, you will at least realize (time out for a scratch) that I have a certain amount of excuse. Added to these (time out for two more sneezes) purely physical annoyances, I have certain mental sources of irritation. As I wrote, this hotel is run by the Navy, and, under the terms of agreement between the U.S.N. and ALSOS, the members of ALSOS are entitled to all the privileges enjoyed by the Naval Officers. Among these is a liquor ration. I may draw one large bottle of whiskey and one small bottle of gin per month. Price 105 francs = $2.10. And now what do you think? The only whiskey I can get is Scotch. If anyone had told you that the U.S. Navy had sunk to such depths of degradation, would you have believed it? (Time out for 2 1/2 sneezes)

Had a real interesting time yesterday. Nominally we are supposed to work on Sunday afternoon, but no one does, and I don't want to set a bad example. (Time out for a scratch.) So I got on the Metro and rode out to the Pont de Neuilly, which crosses the Seine just below the hill on the side of which our old laboratory at Puteaux stands. I climbed up and found the old place quite easily. It is still a laboratory, but it now belongs to a French firm which makes binoculars. No one was around but the wife of the janitor. She took me over the place and told me that my old friend Mdme. Vibert, who used to cook so nicely for the officers of the CWS, moved away some years ago. Sic transit gloria mundi.

Thence I wandered along the hillside to Suresne. That part of the town used to be miserable dirty slum, but it has much improved. I passed the first really modern and up-to-date looking Freench grade school (for boys only) that I have ever seen. Quite encouraging. (Time out for three sneezes and a scratch.) At one place I noticed a queer flight of concrete steps leading into the bowels of the hillside. I investigated, and found that it was an abandoned air raid shelter. Quite interesting, but it would take too long to describe. Anyway I couldn't stay very long because, since the air-raids have stopped, the local population seems to have taken to using the old hole as an auxiliary (and sewerless) comfort station. The French may be suffering from a variety of ills but constipation is not one of them. (Time out for four sneezes. Probably due to association of ideas. You might ask Dr. Johnson about this.)

Finally I climbed up the hill on which Fort Valerian stands. This is one of the old forts which has long been abandoned as part of the defenses of Paris, but which played a considerable role during the war of 1870. It is still used as a French barracks and army school. There was a ferocious sign over the gate warning that all access to the fort was "Absolument Interdit" to all but members of the French army. But I have learned how much such signs mean in France. So putting on an expression as if butter wouldn't melt (one more sneeze) in my mouth, I went up and engaged in friendly but desultary conversation with the corporal on guard. I didn't have any cigarettes with me but my tobacco pouch was full. One thing lead to another (as I intended it should) and in about 15 minutes I was on my way up to the barracks in charge of a nice young French recruit, with my pouch still two-thirds full. At the barracks there was another short delay until the "sous-officier" could be found. He proved to be rather surly, owing I think, to the fact that he had been waked out of his Sunday afternoon nap. But finally matters were settled to the satisfaction of all parties, and, with my pouch still one-third full, I and my recruit guide climbed up on to the roof and from there onto the tower, where we had the most gorgeous view over all Paris, shinning in the warm summer sunshine. Thence down again to the gate, and I left Fort Valerian with an empty tobacco pouch and the cordial invitation from at least one squad of soldiers to return any time I liked--presumably on the same terms. Got home just in time (one scratch) to get a bath, change my clothes, have supper, and go to the theatre.

But now to more serious matters. (Two sneezes and a scratch). I have had one letter from Mommie but not a peep from either you (scratch) or Katie (sneeze). Needless to say, I am anxiously awaiting word from both of you. Write if you have something to say, and if you haven't, write anyhow. L'appetit vient en mangeant.

Naturally I have been paying close attention to the French chwosts. So far, they are the saddest lot of ruins I have seen. On the other hand, the constant use of bicycles has done wonders for French calves. If I had the choice between having a V 1 dropped on me or being kicked by Madeleine, the little femne-de-chambre at my hotel, I would take my chance with the buzz-bomb any time. (Four sneezes)

Love from,

Daddy-(Scratch)

Paris, Aug. 1, 1945

Dear Rose,

Just a line to let you know that all goes well and that I have received a letter from Katie written from Mexico City on July 19th and a letter (V-mail) from Maymie written July 23rd. The V-mail letter came through so fast that I shall try to type one at the Office within the next day or two and send it off.

Please note that I enclose a copy of a letter to Miss Pearl Paris at the OFS in Washington. Please lay this copy carefully aside for me, where you can find it. I may need it badly when I get home, in order to be able to collect the money that is coming to me.

Love from,

Jim

P.S. Maymie's V-mail letter came through in fine style. She can continue to use her typewriter.

J.K.S.

Paris, August 4, 1945

Dear Rose,

Mary's letter by V-mail reached me so quickly that I am going to try the system myself. Not that I have anything very exciting to say. The daily routine here at the office is far from stimulating.

Thursday evening there was a little break; I took Mme. Koenig and her daughter to dinner and the theatre. The matter of transportation was a little difficult to arrange, but finally, at the cost of two packages of cigarettes, I managed to get things fixed, and it all clicked beautifully. I feel that I have been wasting my talents. I really should have been a member of the General Staff. The whole thing was quite a lot of bother, but the sight of Mme. Koenig's face when they brought the butter onto the table was alone worth the price of admission. In fact, everything went off just as it should have done, except the play itself. I took them to see a French version of "Arsenic and Old Lace". It does not translate very well, and moreover it was pretty badly acted. Consequently it was sad rather than funny.

Mme. Koenig has invited me out to her house to meet some friends of hers on Sunday night. I shall be glad to go. Just now I am using her apartment as a storage warehouse. You see, I have to keep myself in shape to move on rather short notice, and when I do go I will have to take with me whatever I have. If I leave anything behind, either here at the office or at the hotel, I cannot be sure of finding it when I return---if indeed I return at all. So whatever I cannot easily carry with me I leave with Mme. Koenig. So far, the principal item has been liquor---a bottle of Scotch, a bottle of champaign and a bottle of Cointreau which I drew as a ration. Some day, if Jean and Thérèse get to town, we will have to throw a party. If your ears begin to burn some time in September, you will know that we are drinking your health.

Jean must be in Cordéac by this time. I had a letter from him from Strassburg a day or two ago. My well meant efforts to provide him with a seat on the train did not avail much. After I left, there were two inspections. He managed to bluff through the military inspection, but the civilians threw him out into the couloir and he had to sit on his suit case all night.

Nothing much else to say. I have had no letter from you since the arrival of Mary's V-mail effort, and at the time that was written, you had not heard from me except by wire. I hope in the mean time my various letters have reached you.

Love from,

Jim.

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Paris, August 6, 1945

Dear Maymie,

I am all for V-mail and am trying out my handwriting on it for the first time. Your V-mail letter of July 28 reached me this morning. Glad to see that everything is going along smoothly at home. I suppose Katie will be there by the time this reached you. All of you should keep on writing frequently. Your letters are the bright spots in my otherwise rather drab life.

I have the first shipment of tea-bags, which arrived by regular mail along with Mommie's V-mail letter. Much obliged for your earnest efforts in this line. So far I have asked for tea and socks. Now I will add rubber bands to the list--varigated sizes if you can get them. I left a good-sized box somewhere.

Went out to Mme. Koenig's last evening after supper, but it wasn't very exciting.

Love from,

Daddy

August 7, 1945

Dear Rose,

I have done a foolish thing. The morning when I left Washington, you gave me over the phone the name of Morris Kharasch's cousin. I jotted it down on a piece of paper, and I thought I remembered where I put the memorandum. Last night I wanted to go to look the woman up, and discovered that I couldn't find it. The address is 2 Square Marcel Toussaint but I don't know the name. Please ring up Morris or Ethel May, find out the name, and send it to me by V-mail. Please print the name.

Since I couldn't do anything really useful last night, I compromised by writing a long letter in French to Thérèse. If that doesn't get a laugh out of her nothing ever will.

Weather beautiful and fair, with an occasional warm days, but nothing we would call hot. The French are terribly worried about their crops. It seems that there is an awful drought all over France. Here in Paris, we have not had more than one little shower since I arrived.

Love from,

Jim.

Paris, August 9, 1945

Dear Rose,

I played hooky this morning and went down town to buy some books and to look up one of Karl Menger's friends. When I got back to the office after lunch, I found your letter of July 30th (Number 20) and Katie's letter from San José de Parue waiting for me. The Vmail seems to go so much better and faster than anything else, that I am going to use it mostly from now on. I think you had better do the same. I dont believe you will have much trouble getting the proper blanks. Written letters show up very nicely, so you dont have to bother to use a type-writer, I use one because there are plenty in the office.

I believe I told you that I got one little package of tea in a letter. That is pretty nearly all used up by this time, so I will have to fall back again on what Mme. Koenig gave me. Apparently, small things like that come through the ordinary mail quite fast.

I note from your letter that Katie has given up her idea of going to the Vineyard. I am glad to hear this. I never was at all enthusiastic about that plan. Judging from what you write, your principal activity since I left has consisted in paying bills. You always used to ask me where the money I drew from the bank went to. I suppose you are now finding out.

I note your request for a rubber boat. I will keep my eyes open for such a thing, but where I am to get one I have no idea. As yet, they do not ply up and down the Champs Elysees. Anyway, it is going to be pretty hard to get it transported. There is a new regulation out. On the outside of every package which is sent back to the states, there must be a signed statement that the contents do not and never did belong to the army.

Sorry to hear that your schemes for a summer vacation have not worked out. Hope something will still turn up. If the weather in Chicago were as cool and pleasent as it is here in Paris, there would hardly be any reason for going away. But this country needs rain dreadfully, and the people are much worried.

Over at the book-store this morning, I tried hard to find something new in the line of psychology or psychiatry to send home to you. But there was nothing doing. I shall from time to time send home books that I have read, and some that I have bought particularly for you. Hope you will find something of interest in them.

Love from

Jim.

Paris, August 10, 1945

Dear Rose,

It has begun to rain today, to the delight of all the French, but somewhat to my disgust. My window at the hotel leaks.

In writing yesterday, I forgot to mention a number of things. Of course the papers here, both the Stars and Stripes and the French papers, have been full of the atomic bomb. It has quite overshadowed the declaration of war by Russia, and has driven the story of the Pétain trial onto the rear page. I suppose you know that this is what our friends of the Metellurgy Project have been working on. In fact, if I get the situation correctly, the Metellurgy Project was the whole scientific end of the scheme. If the stories in the paper are correct, you can congratulate Dr. Franck on a very complete success. It appears that I did these people an injustice, and I would like to be on record as having admitted that such is the case.

As for the insurance policy which you mention, of course it was made out to you. Who did you think I would have it made out to--Miss Buchholz or Lilly Fuchs? It you like to keep it in your box you may certainly do so, but I advise you not to. If nothing happens to me, the paper is of no use to you or anyone else. If anything does happen to me, then this insurance policy will have to be settled up (so far as tax questions are concerned) along with the rest of my estate. There is likely to be some trouble if it is not found along with the rest of my papers, which are in the box in Cincinnati. I therefore advise you to send it to Miss Archinger with a letter asking her to put it in my box along with my other policies. As I say, you may do as you please, but by following my advice you will save yourself trouble in the end. Please let me know what you decide to do.

I note in the Stars and Stripes this morning that the censorship rules have been modified, and that all restrictions on the sending of stamps in letters have been removed. Very probably I shall from time to time send you registered letters containing European stamps. These things will be worth money, and I would not like to have them lost.

Nothing else of any interest. Love from.

Jim.

Paris, August 14th, 1945

Dear Katie,

The papers this evening have published the news that the Japanese have accepted the peace conditions, and that the war is consequently over. It seemed absurd to be in Paris at such a time and not to see what was going on, so I walked down the Champs Elsees from the Étoile to the Place de la Concord--a strectch in which you normally see far more Americans than you do French. They were out in force tonight, but there was little or no excitement. A crowd gathered for a while in front of the American embassy and cheered a bit, but otherwise things were very calm. I judge, however, that the authorities must have anticipated something of a rumpus for the MP's were out in force. They were buzzing all around the place in their jeeps and on their motorcycles. I even saw them arrest a couple of drunks--the first event of that kind I have seen in Paris.

I am afraid we are all becoming jaded. The entry of Russia into the war with Japan, the atomic bomb, and finally the peace negotiations all coming within a few days of one another have just worn our nerves to the point where we dont react to anything much any more.

I have Mommie's two letters both written on August 4th. The one addressed to the ALSOS mission arrived a couple of days before the one address to the Hotel Royal Monceau, so I suppose it is best to use the ALSOS Mission address. But by far the quickest of all is the V-mail. You had all better use that whenever you can. You had better not pay too much attention to the numbers on my letters. I have a bad tendency to forget the number of the last one I wrote.

I have your two letters from Mexico--also your V-mail letter and the one with your photographs. Thanks. Now I have pretty fair pictures of you and Maymie. Se if you cant drum up a decent picture of Mommie. On the one I have, she looks so exactly like a horse that I am afraid to show it to anyone, for fear they might ask me whether I keep a livery stable. I wish I had one that really looked like her.

Love from,

Jim.

P.S. I note that you are taking a course from Mandel Sherman. Be careful of that "Mamser". I dont trust him. He has plenty of money but no bank account, and I never yet knew a man to be in that state for any but disreputable reasons.

J.K.S.

Paris, August 16, 1945

Dear Rose,

I am sending this by regular mail instead of V-mail because I want to enclose the verdict in the Petain trial, which I cut out of yesterday's paper. I followed the trial very closely, and I must say I cant see how the court could have come to any other conclusion. The prosecution made out a very strong case. Petains behavior throughout the trial was that of a very much deteriorated person. Of course they will never hang him.

Under separate cover, I am sending you a copy of an account of the insurrection at Paris and the capture of the city, written by one of the active chiefs of the resistance movement in Paris. You will note that the romantic stories which you heard about the truce have little or no foundation in fact. The book, of course, is a most absurd affair. The truth is that the allied armies had decided not to rely on the French railroad system for their advance through France, but to move almost entirely by motor trucks. Once this decision had been taken, Paris became for them a place of very little importance. They had no good troops to waste on the city. So they let the absurd little band of crack-pots in Paris do as it pleased. And since General Le Clerc seemed to prefer making a triumphal entry through the Arc de Triomphe to chasing the Germans, they let him go on and put on his little show. It looks as though the Napoleon tradition would never die in France.

I got your letter (No. 5) of August 8th this morning. Am interested to hear what you say about Rheinstein. No doubt he is going to Frankfurt to take part in the trials of the Nazi chiefs. He is a good man for that purpose because these trials are going to raise some very difficult legal questions. I am afraid they will string along forever.

Your requests for various things make me laugh. Where do you think I am going to get a rubber boat, an opera glass or an alarm clock? You dont seem to realize the situation. France is cleaned out. The shops are empty. We like to serve tea in the afternoon at the office, and we are short of cups. So I asked Mme. Koenig if she could tell me of a store where I could buy a little common kitchen china. She looked at me as though I were crazy, and told me that there was not a teacup to be had in all Paris. What are the chances of getting opera glasses or alarm clocks, do you suppose?

Arrangements have been made whereby some soldiers (and perhaps other personnel) can get into Switzerland for short visits. Later on I shall try to wangle a trip of that kind, perhaps via Mulhouse. If the scheme works, I can no doubt get something for you in Zürich. I'll try. But I cannot promise anything.

The paper here today says that, now that the war with Japan is over, the various restrictions will be rapidly relaxed. I would like to follow the course of these changes if I can. Please let me know of important alterations in the point schedule. And be sure to let me know about changes in the gasoline rationing.

You have asked about the people and the work at the office, but there is little I can tell you. I dont want to mention names, and they would mean little to you in any case. The personnel changes rapidly. People come and go on various missions. I suppose my turn will come, but the chief is now in Berlin, and there is little for me to do but wait. Some of the people who drift in and out are good men in their lines, but I have not met any chemist who amounts to anything. There are of course the usual mediocrities. By dint of searching through the mass of papers out there I have managed to pick myself out a moderately interesting little project, and am doing some fair work in bringing order out of chaos. But the whole thing amounts to very little.

No more tonight. Love from,

Jim.

Paris, August 22, 1945

Dear Rose,

I had a banner day yesterday. Got five letters from home, including ones from you, Kate, Mary (Mary and Nuta) and Regine Greenebaum. And now in some unaccountable way I have misplaced them, and so I have to answer them from memory.

✓ (a) I am not a bit pleased about Kate's projected trip to Martha's Vineyard. She has just had a very nice and very expensive vacation. This jaunt is superfluous and excessive. I cannot prevent her doing as she pleases, but I have no intention of helping her.

(b) Mary writes that you had trouble with the car one evening, caused by the boiling of the water. If this happened, something must be wrong which needs thorough attention. It may be that there is a leak in the water system or that the oil is leaking away. I cant tell from this distance. Perhaps the water pump is not performing as it should. I wish you would look into this matter. Better take the car down to the Boulevard Buick Co. (successor to the James Levy Motors Co.) at 23rd St and Michigan Ave. Seek the man in the service station (I used to deal with a chap named Walter), tell him what happened, and have him look into the matter. It is quite important to keep the car in good shape because it will probably be a long time before we can get another. I am not going to buy a new one until I am sure that the new models are better than the old ones.

(c) I cant quite make out from the papers whether all gasoline restrictions have been removed or not. Apparently the speed limits have been removed, but it is not quite clear whether or not one can get as much gas as one wants. If there is no further gas restriction, and if you cant get a place at Charlevoix or some other resort, why dont you go up to Fish Creek. I am sure you can always get a room there. You could easily drive up if you would only make your mind up to do so.

(d) I note what you say about putting requests in my letters if I want anything, so I will add such requests to my letters in the future. I wont put one in this letter because I want to work out a code with you and you wont want to show that to the post-office. If I write "I want laundry soap. Please send me some", dont take that very seriously. It is merely a request so that you can show something to the post-office. But if I underline the phrase "I want laundry soap. Please send me some", then I am really in earnest and I will be much obliged if you will do what you can.

(e) I have received no parcel from you yet. An envelope containing some tea (very welcome indeed) reached me several weeks ago. But that tea is all gone long ago, and I am living on the kindness of Mme. Koenig. Well, it might be worse. I am getting used to the coffee here at the hotel and dont do so badly. But I hope the tea will arrive soon.

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There now, I have found those letters and can answer more coherently. I dont want to call on Mr. and Mrs. Godes unless you particularly want me to do so. I am saving their address. If you write me, I will look them up.

Sorry to hear about Aunt Eda. It will be hard for the old lady to pull out of this.

Have only found one chap at the office whom I think I can chum about with a little. He is out of town just now. When he comes back, we are going to the Grand Guignol together. They are giving "The Mark of the Beast"--I suppose a translation of the Kipling story. Mary will recognize this and give it to you if you want to read it.

Thank Nuta for her note. I see Warner has been lecturing to Kate about "Yankeeport". Does she know that this is Newburyport, Mass.? I know the town well. Lloyd and I wanted to do about the same sort of thing for Ligonier, Indiana, where the Jews had a particularly exciting history. But so far we have not been able to raise the money.

I am happy to say that my hives disappeared some time ago. The Scotch did not have anything to do with it because I never drank any. Instead, I traded off two bottles of Scotch for one of quite good Bourbon, so I am happy once more. I have used the Bourbon to demonstrate to an English major who has been visiting at the office that life begins at forty. He is quite ready to admit that his youth was misspent.

I have at last discovered why we won the war--it was the K rations that did it. I have got tired wasting 2 1/2 hours every day going back and forth from the office to the hotel at noon time. So now I draw a K ration every day, and eat my lunch quietly in the Office, as I used to in the lab. They certainly are a marvelous invention and when I get home, I will tell you all about them. It would take too long to describe their true merits in a letter.

Today I went to the billeting officer here at the hotel and told him that I thought I had lived long enough in my little hole up in the mansard. I knew of a nice room which had just become vacant and appealed for a transfer. It was promptly granted. So this evening I moved. Now I am beautifully installed on the third floor instead of the seventh, with a bath room of my own and everything hotsy-totsy. I only wish you were here with me. We could spend the evenings beautifully together, and since there is nothing to buy in the stores, I could leave you to your own devices without any qualms of conscience. The other day I passed by your old friend the "Galleries-Lafayette." It has not been struck by a bomb, but it might as well have been.

All sorts of curious events keep happening from time to time, but I dont get opportunity to describe them all. I have so many letters to write. People write to me, and the least I can do is to answer them. Probably the best thing to do will be to keep a diary. I will try that for a while and mail you the result every few days. Perhaps I will get everything important in that way.

My love to you all,

Jim.

P.S. You might send some of my letters to Alice and Mary. I just cant write everything three or four times.

J.K.S.

Letter #14 unless I have counted wrong. J.K.S.

Paris, Aug. 23, 1945

Dear Mary,

I have just received your letter number 5 written on August 13th. Of course I am much interested in the scheme which you have worked out with Dr. Johnson. I admit that it is not ideal, but probably it is the best that can be worked out under the circumstances. I am afraid, however, that it will entail one disagreeable result. You will have to take Mr. French into your confidence. I sincerely trust that nothing will go wrong, and that you will not have to see the doctor in Boston. But if you do have to have medical advice, and Mr. French is not informed ahead of time what it is all about, he will very likely ship you right back home, and tell you to come back when and if you are completely cured. And he would be quite right in doing so. He has the other children to consider. On the other hand, if he is told ahead of time what the situation is, he will know that it is nothing very serious. Then he will make due allowance, and help you to arrange your time in such a way that you can get your visits to the doctor in. I think you ought not to omit to inform him of any facts in which he might have a legitimate interest. Of course you need not go into unpleasant details.

Sorry to hear that your little wards over at the hospital are giving you so much trouble. Well, at any rate, if they give you this kind of a job, it shows that they have some confidence in you. You will just have to do your best to deserve it.

No I am not getting bored in Paris. The work at the office was pretty dreary for a while, but I always managed to find something interesting to do out of office hours. I have been reading French at a great rate--- two newspapers every day and a lot of books on the side. I have sent some clippings from the newspapers in my letters. Now I have found a more interesting job at the office, and if all goes well, I can really do a piece of work which is worth while. So, for the moment at least, I am quite well satisfied. Add to this situation the fact that I have just changed my room for a much better one with a private bath, and you will see that I am really sitting on the top of the world.

I dont follow your remarks about the baseball season any too well, but I hope the whole thing turns out as you want it to. Please be sure to keep me informed about how things turn out, now that the restrictions are being removed. Is it any easier to get meat, cirgarettes and other things which used to be short. And particularly, what is the situation about gasoline. Can you get as much as you want, and drive wherever you please? And how about tires? I read the "Stars and Stipes" every day but it gives only fragmentary news.

No more now. I have to get on to my job. Write early and often to

Daddy

Paris, August 26, 1945

Dear Rose,

Just a hasty line to tell you that I worked hard all day (Sunday) at the office and received the due reward for my industry. Your first package arrived. Three packages of tea bags and about half a dozen pair of socks (in my excitement I forgot to count them). The sealed strips on the package had been ripped open, but the contents seemed to be perfectly intact. Many thanks indeed.

Four times a week, we have free movies here at the hotel, and tonight they are giving "A Bell for Adana". So I have invited Mme. Koenig and her unattractive daughter in to see the show. If it is as good as the book, it ought to be well worth while.

Love from,

Jim.

Just came back from the show. Not as good as the book, but pretty fair.

J.K.S.

Paris, August 26, 1945

Dear Rose,

This morning I got your letter written August 17th. Glad to get your various items of news. I shall be pleased to see the clippings about the atomic bomb, when they come in. Mary had already written to me that Dr. Johnson advises her to go to school at the end of September, and I have answered her on this subject. I think she ought to take Mr. French into her confidence. If nothing goes wrong, that will be a superfulous step, but if anything does go wrong it will make things much easier for her.

I took yesterday afternoon off, because I have got to a point in my work where I must have a lot of file cards or stop. The office here and even the main Army Supply Office in Paris is temporarily out of them, and Heaven alone knows when they will arrive. So I set out to see what the civilian market afforded. Not much success. I walked about five miles, tried about a dozen different addresses and ended up with just two hundred cards---and those I only got because I bought a file case in addition. This country is certainly wiped clean.

By that time I was hot and cross, and did not feel like talking to anyone. So I took the Metro right out to Neuilly, had a K ration for supper, and worked till eleven at night at my desk. The French are busy celebrating the anniversary of the liberation of Paris, and they tell me I missed quite an illumination last night. Too bad. This evening I will wander down the Champs Elysees about nine o'clock, and see what is doing.

Have been working steadily all day today because I am right in the middle of a very dull patch, and want to get the damned thing over with. Thought I could finish up that part by keeping my nose to the grindstone all day long. But the miserable thing drags out forever, and it will take me until tomarrow night to finish. I am going to make it a point to work steadily all Saturday and Sunday and Monday. The shops are shut at that time, and one might just as well be at the office. Then I am going to take my holiday during the middle of the week, when it is worth while to have some free time.

No parcels have yet arrived from you. I got another package of 100 grams of tea from Mme. Koenig, but it didn't last long. We have tea at the office at four every afternoon, and, as the supply there had run short, I had to come to the rescue and donate my supply to the common cause. Well, it doesn't make much difference. I can get along without tea if necessary.

I need Lifebuoy Shaving Cream and Ponds Cold Cream. Please send me some.

Love from,
Jim.

Paris, August 27, 1945

Dear Rose,

Just a line to let you know that I got your letter of August 15th today. Glad to know you are going off with the Fuchses. The summer plans seem to be working out better than I expected. Are the gasoline restrictions off yet? How about points for meat, etc? Please write me about these things. Are cigarettes easy to get now?

Worked very hard over the weekend, and have got a good deal done. So tomarrow I am going to take the day off and go shopping. Will see if I can't pick up something for you and the girls.

Today I mailed you by parcel post all the towels and washrags I brought with me. I have bought a plentiful supply at the PX.

Love from,

Jim.

Paris, September 1, 1945

Dear Mary,

Just got your letter of August 22nd. Glad to know that you are learning to drive. It is a fine idea to get me a copy of Mauldin's cartoons, and I shall be very glad to have them. But I suggest that you buy them and hold them for me till I get home. I don't want to have too much to carry around with me. By the way, I got the second box sent from home today--matches and tea, both very welcome. Don't send any more of these, however, until I ask for them. I have enough. What I want now is darning cotton--brown if possible for brown socks. The maid here in the hotel would be glad to darn my socks for me if she only had some darning cotton, which is unobtainable here in France right now. Put this in an envelope and mail it first class. Packages come too slowly.

Hope you and Nuta have a good time while you are on your own.

Love from,

Daddy

Paris, Sept - approx
no date

Dear Rose,

I am working late this evening, and am taking a few minutes off from reviewing an endless mass of German documents to write to you. Got your letter August 27th written from Montague, Michigan. Glad you found such a nice place, and hope you had a good time there. By this time, I suppose, you are back home.

Yesterday evening I went out to see Karl Menger's friend, Maurice Frechet, and finally managed to find him. He will have supper with me tomarrow and will bring with him the addresses which Karl wants. These I will send to him directly. All these people are desparately in need of fats. If you see Karl, you can tell him to send as much margarine or Crisco as he can get hold of. I suppose the shortage of these things is loosening up again.

I have been going around some and pricing various articles. The prices here in France are something terrific. I dont believe I will be able to bring you back anything worth talking about. For example, I did see some small alarm clocks the other day. Not the kind that comes in cases, but merely small clocks with blue enamel finishes. They want 450 francs (nine dollars) a piece for them. I am perfectly sure that before the war you could have got ~~x~~ just as good and just as good looking an article at the Fair for two dollars. And I am sure that, within a year, you will be able to do just as well once more. It seems silly to spend four or five prices for an article just merely in order to say that you have brought it from France. But I will do my best. I hope Thérèse will be in town before the end of the month, and then I will make her go shopping with me. Perhaps ~~we~~ she will be able to help me find something. The only thing I have yet discovered that sells at a fairly reasonable price is French stamps. I sent off one package to you today, and will send you another one shortly. Please take good care of them. Most of them are intended for friends of mine who gave me orders to buy them. There is one curious regulation here. If you buy things that are made here in France (this rules out Swiss watches, opera glasses and clocks), you can take them over to a bureau run by the army, get your bill stamped, and mail them home by first class mail. Then you draw a rebate of the luxury tax, which runs anywhere from fifteen to thirty-three percent. The only drawback is that it takes an eternity to go through the whole rigamarole, and my time for shopping is somewhat limited. My work is not very hard nor do I have to spend too much time at it; but after all I must do something to earn my very luxious keep, and I cant be gone from the office more than once or twice a week. I am going to do my best to find something nice for each of you, but I am not going to spend ten dollars for something that could be bought for two on State St., merely for the sake of bringing you a keepsake. I would rather bring home the money and let you spend it as you like.

Nothing much more to tell you about. Love to you and the Children,

Jim

Paris, September 7, 1945

Dear Rose,

I took the day off today and went out to do some shopping. I will you a complete account of the day so perhaps you will understand why you and the children need not expect me to bring you back anything that amounts to anything.

Mme. Koenig had given me the names and addresses of five good wath dealers on whom I might rely. Of these I found that two were completely out of business. A third was closed up until the 20th of this month. The other two were open. At the first one, I was told that they had nothing left except gold watches. I asked to see one and they showed me a perfectly beautiful ladies wrist watch, quite plain, beautifully shaped, and small enought to be dainty without being so small as to be impractical. It was the cheapest one they had--price $460. For a minute or two I was tempted. I really would have liked to buy it for you, although it was ridiculously beyond our means. But then the truth came out. I could have the watch for $460, provided I could furnish the watch merchant with 34 grams in old gold, this of course in addition. It seems that there is a strict law forbidding any firm to sell anything made of gold, silver or platinum unless he receives from the purchaser an amount of metal equivalent to the weight of metal which he sells. Well that ended the matter. Unless I could furnish the gold I could not have the watch for $460, or for $4600 for that matter. And you know I cant get hold of any gold.

So I went on to the next place. On the way I passed a dress shop where I saw quite an attractive little grey-blue dress in the window. It was made of a sort of light-weight cotton denim, was nicely cut and trimmed with a little white braid. I thought Katie would look very well in it. It was just the sort of thing that you would be very pleased to find at Stevens for somewhere between ten and fifteen dollars. I went in and priced it. They wanted $89 for it, and so I walked out again.

When I got to the next watch store, I asked if they had watches other than those made of gold, silver or platinum. They said they had three left. They showed them. They were all exactly alike and very attractive. Gracefully shaped, just the right size, and with very pretty faces. At Marshall Field I would have been glad to give $100 for any one of them, and I might have gone as high as $125. I asked the price--$580 a piece. Now do you think I am crazy. It is absurd to buy in Paris for five prices what one can get in Chicago for one. There is not one change in a thousand that I shall get to Switzerland or to anywhere near the Swiss border, so forget about those things. I am likely to get to London, and when I am there, if I can possibly get the time, I will go to Liberty's and see if I can pick up something for you and the girls. But I am not going to waste any more of my time here in Paris running around asking for things and getting these absurd prices quoted to me. I feel like a fool.

By the way, at the two watch stores that I spoke of I did manage to pick up some rather attractive traveling alarm clocks. I got two which are just alike for the girls--they cost (after deducting the rebate) sixteen dollars a piece. The third one which is different, is for you. It cost (after the rebate) $9.60. They are quite nice, but nothing special, and I am sure that they could be bought much cheaper at home. If you dont like them, they will always make nice birthday presents to give away. I am willing to throw twenty dollars into the river just to show you and the girls that I have not forgotten all about you. But I cant play that game to the tune of a thousand dollars. We just cant afford it, and anyway it is silly. I sent the three clocks home to you today by first class mail and I hope they will reach you all right. That is the only way I can send them and get the rebate. They wont let me send them by registered mail, and I cant insure them by parcel post.

I have now sent you two packages of stamps and these two packages of clocks. I wish you would acknowledge each package as you receive it and let me know in what shape it arrives. Books and other things on which there is no rebate I can send in the regular American Post Office, and these I can either register or insure.

Speaking of books, Laurette Koenig has a friend who is a psychiatrist, and so I asked what books on psychiatry had appeared in France recently. I said I wanted them for you, and that you were particularly interested in psychoanalysis and in questions relating to the training and education of children. She gave me a list and I spent the afternoon over on the rive gauche. I think I went to every book store withing half a mile of the Sorbonne, and I am sure that I covered the Place de l'École de Medicine without missing one. Of the books on the list I managed to find just one. Everything else was out of print. I looked over the section on phychiatry in every store, but I could not find anything attractive to amount to anything. I did find a couple of trifles. The one book on the list which I managed to locate is a book by Jung. You may perhaps find it interesting. It is the best I could do. I am also sending home a French translation of a pamphlet by Carnap. This is for myself. Please save it.

Now, as a result of all that running around, I will have to work pretty nearly all night. So I must stop.

Love from,
Jim.

Paris, September 10, 1945

Dear Rose,

Today, which is the 10th of September I got from you one airmail letter written on September 5th, which is I think the best record that any one of your letters has made so far. At the same time, I got a V-mail letter written by you on September 2nd. I also received from you the little package containing shaving soap and cold cream--both very welcome. Much obliged.

I will take up the various items mentioned in your letters one at a time. I am glad to hear that your vacation was so successful. Hope the weather in September is reasonably cool, so that you dont loose the good effect of the rest.

If you dont want me to mention to Mary anything about talking to French, I will not say anything further about it. I am still very much of the opinion that it would be best for her to do so. But if you feel that I should keep my hands off, that is all right with me.

Now as for the matter of buying things in Europe. I am not going to be in Switzerland at any time during my trip. So that is out. I will not bring you back anything from France that amounts to anything because the prices are ridiculous. I have already told you the story about what they want for watches. I have made no inquiries about opera glasses and I am not going to. Several of the men here at the office have inquired into the camera situation, and they report prices which are just about on a par with those that I found for watches. I have no doubt that by running myself ragged for three days I could find out that there is no sort of binocular or opera glass on sale here which could not be bought for one fifth to one third of that price in Chicago. But I am not going to do it. You will just have to take my word for it. As for a sweater, no doubt I could find a very acceptable one for sixty or seventy dollars, the same thing that we will be able to buy in Chicago a year from now for fifteen dollars. As I wrote before, when I get to England I will look around and see what I can do. But until I do get there, please lay off. I am tired of the subject.

In order to show you what can be bought in France, I picked up at the PX this morning a little brass and enamel bracelet--price just under four dollars. Of course it does not amount to anything, but one of the girls may like it. It is not so bad.

Now about K rations. They are guarded here in Paris with great care because each one of them will bring about 150 francs, if sold on the black market. At least this is the story I have heard. I have made no inquiries myself, but I can well believe that the tales are true, because one K ration contains much more nourishment than any meal that you can buy at a restaurant for 150 francs. I managed, by begging real hard, to get about a dozen of them, to take the place of my midday sandwiches. But that has been stopped now, and I have been told that I cant have any more. I still have four left, but, if I were caught taking one home or sending one to you, I would not only lay myself open to court marshall but also involve an officer who has been very kind to me in very serious trouble. Naturally, I am not going to do any such thing. The fact is that you have very little idea of the state of things over here, and consequently you fill your letters with suggestions which are absurd.

You ask about my plans for the time after my contract is up. There is no occasion to bother about that. I left Washington on July 14th. Three months from that date is October 14th. By that time, I will almost certainly be back in the United States, or on my way there. It does not make any difference whether I like it or not, I have got to get out of Paris by September 25 or thereabouts. I have been promised that I may go home via England. There, it will no doubt be necessary for me to wait for a while for transportation. Of this I will be very glad because it will be difficult if not impossible for me to see Hall before October 1st. I shall try to prolong my stay in England at least until October 5th but it may be impossible for me to do so. As yet it is undertain whether I return to the States by boat or by plane. I dont care very much myself. If I go by plane, I shall land at Washington. If I go by boat, I shall probably land at New York. In any case, I will have to proceed to Washington at once. Probably I will not have to stay there very long. But it is quite likely that I will be called back there later in the fall to finish up the work which it is not possible to finish here. If I am called back in this way, I shall certainly go. If you want, you can drive East with me.

Of course none of these plans that I have outlined is quite certain. I am still under military regulations and do not have too much choice about what I will or wont do. But I have managed to arrange things pretty well so far, and I hope to continue. Anyway, when I get home, there will be no great hurry. We can talk things over and arrange matters to our mutual satisfaction. I suppose Morris will be wanting me again. My conscience acts very jumpy when I think how I walked out on him.

Dont worry about the package containing the tea and the matches. It arrived safely and was very welcome. I think I already wrote you not to send me any more packages.

I shall very much miss being away from you and the children on my birthday, but I have arranged for a little celebration on the side. Jean has a brother named Roger who is a doctor and who lives here in Neuilly about two blocks from the office. He asked me to have supper with him and his wife, so I suggested the evening of the 15th, and promised that if he would provide the supper I would provide the champagne. That is the one thing which, if you are in the army, you can get for an absurdly cheap price in France. During the two months I have been here, I have collected at perfectly absurd prices about twenty quarts of first rate liquor--gin, Scotch whiskey, champagne, Benedictine, Cointreau and goodness knows what besides. It is nearly all stored out at Mme. Koenig's apartment, and heaven knows what is to become of it. I can't drink it myself and it is absolutely forbidden to carry the stuff home. Anyway, if I go by plane it will be impossible for me to carry any because that would exceed my baggage allowance. I will try to figure out something. At the worst, I can give it to Jean.

This has been a long letter, and I think I have answered about everything there was in yours. My love to you and the girls--also Nuta if she is still with you.

Jim.

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Paris, September 11, 1945

Dear Rose,

I have just been notified that I must hold myself in readyness to leave Paris on September 25th. It is of course not quite certain that I shall leave exactly on that date but my departure will be within a day or two of that. The plan is to have me go to England for a few days, and then to return to the United States. I will not come back to France. I ought to reach America before October 15th. I will probably have to spend some time in Washington, but of course I will get in touch with you immediately upon my arrival.

The net result of all this is that it will be useless for you to write to me at my present address after September 20. I shall wire you from England if I can. My address there will be %The American Express, 6 Haymarket, London S.W. Of course you cannot use V-mail.

Love from,

Jim.

Paris, September 11, 1945

Dear Rose,

Just a line to tell you that I am well, extremely busy and that I have just received the package which you sent me on August 13th. It contained a sweater and two pair of old shoes. I think I have told you please not to send me any more packages. If you send anything to Thérèse be sure to address it to Jean at the École Superilure de Chemie, Mulhouse, Haut-Rhin. Their house at Cordéac will soon be closed, and it is unsafe to try to reach them at their old address in Lyon.

Love from,

Jim.

Paris, September 13, 1945

Dear Rose,

I just received a telegram from Thérèse who says that it will be impossible for her to get to Paris before the 25th of September. So I shall probably not see her. It seems that she had invited a friend to stay with her at Cordéac, and the friend seems to be in no hurry to leave. I guess if Thérèse were terribly anxious to see me she would manage to shoo her friend out of the house, but she seems to regard that as out of the question. So that's that. I need not say that I am disappointed.

Prof. Frechet is coming to have dinner with me at the hotel tomarrow. The old chap seems to enjoy the good food (and the drinks) thoroughly. And I manage to keep him laughing most of the time with my bastard French. I have invited my chief Goudsmit to have supper with us.

Last night the two girls (one American and one Scotch) who work out here at the office threw a party. So far as I was concerned, it was a pretty dismal affair, until a girl friend of theirs, who plays the piano very well by ear, began to play all the old American tunes. It was almost like one of our song-fests at home.

No more now. I have to write a letter to Thérèse and I have some more work to do before I go home.

Love from,

Jim.

Paris, September 15, 1945

Dear Rose,

Just a line to let you know that today I received you box containing shoes, tea, soap, etc. Much obliged. Well and extremely busy. Am due to have supper with Frechet in a few minutes. So must run along.

Love from.

Jim.

Paris, September 15,1945

Dear Nuta,

Your birthday letter arrived very punctually last evening, and I saved it to open this morning. Many thanks indeed.

I suppose Rose has told you that I am leaving Paris on or about September 25th. I expect to go to London and to spend a few days in England. I ought to be home about the 15th of October. Whether I will come by boat or by plane is still uncertain. I hope to be able to arrange to come by boat, because than I can carry with me at least a part of the magnificant stock of liquor which I have managed to collect here in Paris. Just listen and see if you dont get dizzy at the vary account of what there is. Five quarts of champagne, and very excellent champagne at that. One bottle of Benedictine. One bottle of Cointreau. One bottle of another liqueur the name of which I have forgotten. One bottle of blackberry brandy. Two bottles of cognac. Three bottles of gin. One bottle of Scotch. One bottle of bourbon. What a party we could throw if I could only get it home with me! But on the plane they only allow you sixty-five pounds of baggage, and that does not begin to be enough. So I want to come by boat if I can.

So far as I can see, there are only three things which it is easy to get in France. The first is stamps (that is French stamps), the second is liquor, and the third is hives. The first two are cheap, and the third you get for nothing. I say the first two are cheap, but in reality that is true about the liquor only if you are a member of the armed forces. We draw what is called a "liquor ration" at an extremely low price. For example, champagne costs me two dollars and ten cents a quart if I get it through the army, whereas, at a restuarant, I would have to pay at least four times that amount.

I suppose Rose has showed you some of my letters in which I have told her about the absurd price situation here. For example, the other day I saw in the shop window a nice little blue dress which I thought would look nice on Katie. It was made of a sort of cotton denim, trimmed with white braid, and very nicely tailored. Just the sort of thing which Kate would be happy to pick up at Stevens and pay ten to fifteen dollars. I priced it. They wanted eighty-nine dollars and so I said "Thank you" and walked out. So outside of the liquor (and I dont know that I will be able to get that in), don't expect anything much in the way of a present from me when I get home. When I get to England, perhaps I will have time to look around a bit and see what I can do. But there is no telling.

It has been an interesting experience being over here, but I have not been able to accomplish very much. The papers which I have had to work on are so complicated and have got into such a state of disorder that it has taken most of my time to learn what would have to be done. Now I am just beginning to do it, and then the order comes that all the stuff has to be packed up and sent back to Washington. It is a valuable lot of material, and well deserves much more careful treatment than it has yet received. I hope, when it gets to the states, it will not be buried in some archives where no one can get at it. If it ever is worked over, I hope to have a hand at helping in the work. So perhaps I will be at Washington part of the coming year. But now I must stop and go to work.

Love from,
Jim.

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Paris, Sept. 17, 1945

Dear Rose,

Just a line to tell you that I got your letter of September 10th with the clippings and cotton enclosed. I read the clippings with great interest and will talk to you about both of them when I get back. Remind me. No time right now.

The dinner party with Dr. Roger Lichtenberger and his wife turned out quite nicely. I gave the three little children the first orange they had ever eaten. There was a birthday cake (only a little one) with candles. Very nice of them. The champagne was good, and went fine with the cake. They are coming here this evening for supper, and I will give them some Tom Collin's as "aperatifs."

Very busy indeed and must run along now. Will write you in full about the Lichtenbergers very soon.

Love from,

Jim.

Paris, September 18,1945

Dear Rose,

This afternoon I had a telegram from Thérèse saying that she had changed her mind, and that she would be in Paris at 7:15 Thursday morning. This means that my last few days in Paris will be one mad crazy rush. So I shall probably not write again till I reach England. I may perhaps wire you when I get my final orders.

The Roger Lichtenbergers were here last night for supper. We had a pleasant evening. This evening I had supper with Maurice Frechet, and said good-bye to him. I will not see him again.

I have a letter from Hall, and shall see him either in London or in Cambridge.

Love from,

Jim.

Paris, Sept. 19, 1945

Dear Rose,

Just got your letter of September 13th with the news of the letter from ALSOS to Schlesinger. I had expected something of the sort, but not quite so promptly. I will be able to do very little travelling. A trip to Belgium or Holland or even to Mulhouse is out of the question. But I am going home via England, and I hope to see Hall in route.

Have just arranged to swipe an automobile and to call for Thérèse at the Gare de Lyon tomarrow morning.

Love from,
Jim.

Paris, Sept. 20, 1945

Dear Rose,

The rest of this letter will show you why it is written.

Bonjour Rose--Je viens d'arriver a Paris et suis bien contente de trouver Jim que je craignais parti deja pour Londres. Quel dommage que vous ne soyiez pas aussi ici. Jim est venu me chercher a la gare a des heures tres matinales et je suis installee a son bureau apres avoir pris un deliciux bain reconfortant.

Je lui laisse de la place pour finir sa lettre et vous envoie mille amitiés. Avant hier en arrivant a Lyon, j'ai trouvé un colis venu d'Amerique -- c'est le 4e . Merci mille fois de toute la peine que je vous donne.

Thérèse

Well that makes the trip worthwhile. Now I dont care what happens,

Jim.

Paris, Approx. Sept. 23, 1945

Dear Rose,

From this point I will allow Thérèse to go on.

My dear Rose--I am starting tomorrow and I am very sorry, so I am going to joke, but it is easier in French. Il est grand temps que Jim retourne en Amérique, parce qu'il est tous les jours un peu plus jeune. Quand je suis arrivée il avait comme mentalité 17 ans, et maintenant il en a 14.... si cela continue je serai obligé de lui donner des biberons! Ce que c'est que l'atmosphère de Paris! J'espère que vos viendrez bientot nous voir a votre tour. Jim m'a remis de votre part 3 p. de souliers pour lesquelles je vous remercie, ainsi que pour la jacquette. Celle-ci je la garde pour moi; quant aux souliers, je ferai 3 heureuses personnes parmi mes amies.

Je m'en vais vous demander quelque chose qui amuse Jim: c'est si vous pourriez m'envoyer une bottle de peanut butter. Je cherche pour la fille de Claude des aliments concentrés et nourrissants car elle n'a pas beaucoup d'appétit. Si vous pourriez y joindre un peu de sucre et de riz, ce serait parfat. Pourriez vous adresser le colis chez Claude Marozeau, 22 rue Bissardon, Lyon (Rhone). Excusez moi de vous ennuyer encore. Mille amitiés de Th.

And that's that.

Love from.

Jim.

Paris, September 23, 1957

Dear Rose,

Yesterday I got my orders and I shall leave for England on next Wednesday or Thursday, that is the 26th or 27th. So, after you get this letter, dont write to me any more at my present address. When I get to England, I will find out more about what my future moves will be and then I will send you a cablegram. If it is worth while you can write to me. If not you can wire to me just before I leave. I will try to keep you as well informed as I can.

I have just received your letter of September 14th with the typewritten copy of Delo's letter to Schlesinger. Delo is a truthful man, but in this instance he is slightly mistaken. I have tried very hard to rig things so that I will not be back in Chicago by the first of October because, if I did that, I would not be able to see Hall in England. I think I have succeeded pretty well, and if everything goes as I expect, it will be about October 15th when I reach home. At least you can tell Morris Kharasch not to expect me before that time.

I am glad that you do not expect anything very much from me in the way of presents. The travelling clocks which I sent home have alarms. They were pretty well packed, and I think they will get to you in good shape.

Do not worry about the money situation. Even with the extra expenses which you mention, you still ought to have plenty left from the three thousand which I gave you to keep you going till my return. As for myself, of the $1500 which I brought with me, I still have about $600 left, and of the $900 which I have paid out, about $250 is what I have spent for other people, and I expect to collect it when I get back to the States. My salary and per diem allowances ought to cover the sum which I have expended very nicely indeed. So I dont think we have anything to worry about.

Thérèse got to town on Thursday and since then we have been having a grand time together. I called for her at the station in one of the cars attached to the office, and brought her to the hotel. At the sight of my bathtub, she gave a shriek of joy, and nothing would content her but that I lend her a bath towel, some soap and a washrag and let her take a hot bath right then and there. I have given her a lot of stuff, and whenever I can get away we wander around Paris hand in hand like a couple of little kids. I had lunch on Friday with her and Jean's brother, and took advantage of the occasion to introduce them to the K rations. You should have seen their delight at the cheese and the canned ham. Today we are going out to spend the day at St. Germain. Then, in the evening, we are going out with Dr. Lichtenberger to a restaurant. I have some qualms about doing this, because these people can ill afford to do any entertaining. But I dont like to say "No", because, if I accept something from them, it makes our relation seem somewhat less one-sided. It is a delight to be with Thérèse. Very rarely does one find a woman of excellent sense and firm character who, in her fifties, has retained the simple enthusiasms of a girl of twenty-five. Both she and Jean want very much to visit the United States, and the four of us are certainly going to have one grand time when they do come.

I have sent off to you a number of parcels containing odds and ends of all sorts. Among them are some papers which you will not understand. But I hope that you will save carefully everything that comes for me. Some of the papers will be quite important for me when I get home.

I think you were quite right about the car. Just try to get along with a minimum of repairs until I get back. When I am on the spot, I will give the matter my attention at once. My impression is that we had better do a good repair job, for it will be some time before we get another car.

This has been a very disconnected letter, written in great haste because I want to get it into the mail before I go to call for Thérèse. We have both wished time and time again that you and Jean were here with us. Too bad there are no "Assimilated Wacs". You might have been one.

Love from,

Jim.

London, Sept. 29, 1945

Dear Rose,

This is just a hasty line written from a Red Cross station in London before I catch the train for Cambridge. I cabled you this morning. Everything if fine. I met Hall on Thursday, and will spend a few days with him. No time to recount the details of my adventures, but will tell you all about them some time in October. Will come home by plane. Dont know just when yet. On receipt of this, please cable me care of American Express, 6 Haymarket, London. Not much use to write me any more.

Much love from
Jim.

P.S. Will have an earful for you when I get back, but no time for more now. J.K.S.

Telegram, September 29, 1945, London

Mrs. James Senior

Everything fine. Leaving for Cambridge. Home soon. Will wire.
Jim.

Telegram, Oct. 11, 1945, London

Mrs. James Senior,

Starting Morning October Twelfth. Will telephone from New York.
Jim.

Telegram, October 5, 1945

Mrs. James Senior,

Scheduled to Fly October Eleventh. Will land New York.
Jim.

London, October 1945

Dear Rose,

Back from Cambridge after a very successful trip. I have fixed things up with Hall so that we can go ahead with very little delay. Now I am back in London, and very comfortably housed in a pleasant room in an excellent hotel. I have for a room-mate a major in the American air force--a Pole named Walkowicz. This evening, a Polish colonel came to visit him, and the two have been jabbering in Polish about the woes of Poland all evening. Mercifully I dont understand any Polish.

An aeroplane passage has been requested for me as of October 10th, and I imagine I will get away about that time. Will wire you as soon as I know my plans exactly. I have your letter and Katie's. Glad the clocks reached you safely,

Love from,

Jim.